

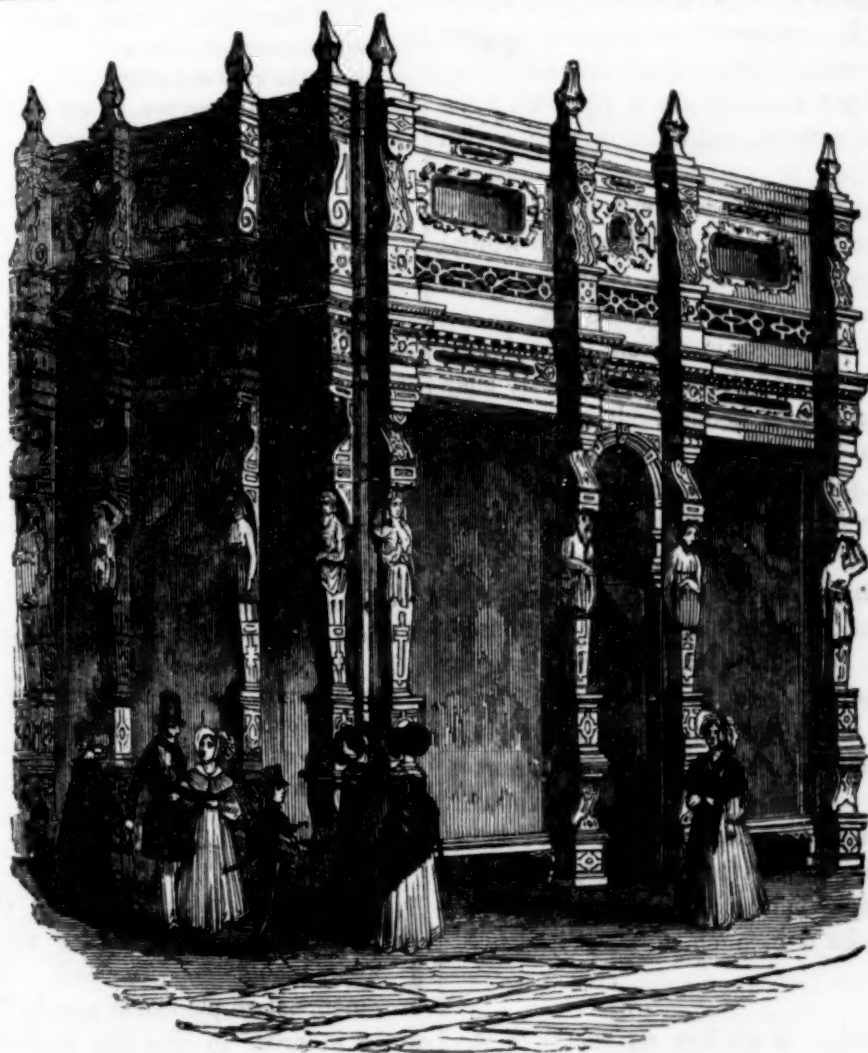
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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. X.

NOVEMBER, 1845.

No. 5.



WE have some fine shops in Boston, but they hardly equal many of the business establishments in London. In a former number of the Museum,

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(Vol. V. p. 114,) we gave a picture of one of the shops of Ludgate Hill; and above is a view of one erected by Messrs. Battam Craske, & Colby, corner of Oxford and

Berners Streets. The front of this is in the Elizabethan style, and is very splendid. The columns are wrought with great labor, presenting a good deal of fine carving, and portions are richly gilt. To use the words of the architect, they consist of "a low pedestal, a deep console, a second pedestal, a terminal, a semicaryatic figure, a block, a reversed console, and another block immediately beneath the architrave: the upper supports are a pedestal, a reversed console, and a block with a rich finial."

Our young readers will not, perhaps, be much enlightened by these hard words; yet, by looking at the engraving, their meaning may be easily made out.

Oxford Street, in which this splendid shop is situated, is one of the most busy and bustling in London. It runs parallel to the Strand, and is one of the great thoroughfares of this mighty city. It is very wide; and, from nine o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, it is truly amazing to see the crowds of people, the streams of coaches, cabs, and omnibuses, which flow in a ceaseless tide along its pavements.

At night, the shops are so brightly lighted as to cast their rays quite across the street, and the whole scene appears like an illumination. The establishment represented in the preceding page is splendidly lighted, and it then seems almost like a creation of fairy land.

SUSPICION is no less an enemy to virtue than to happiness. He that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious; and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt.

The Flower Girl.

"**L**OVELY, joyous-looking maiden,
With fresh buds and blossoms laden,
Whither dost thou go?
Art thou bound to forests darkling,
Or to fields, where, bright and sparkling,
Gentle waters flow?"

"No, I leave these pleasant places,
To encounter busy faces
In the crowded street;
To refresh their senses, weary
Of these rows of houses, dreary,
With my flowers so sweet.

"In yon busy, bustling city,
Will I sing my simple ditty,
Show my fresh-culled flowers,
My wild-rose, with its petals tender,
Harebell, with its stem so slender,
Tell of woodland bowers.

"These are from the verdant meadow,
Plucked beneath yon beech-tree's shadow,
Violets blue and bright;
And in yon still pool were growing,
Swayed by every breeze that's blowing,
These lilies snowy white.

"Now to yonder town I'm going,
There to show them, fresh and glowing;
All will strive to buy;
And at night, when, home returning,
I have shown my simple earning,
Who so blest as I?"

Rochester, N. Y.—

F

PASSIONS are strong emotions of the mind, occasioned by the view of approaching good or evil. These emotions are planted in man by Providence, in order to give him activity and fit him for society. The directing of our passions to improper objects, or suffering them to hurry us away with them, is the great danger in human life.

Travels and Adventures in Circassia, by Thomas Trotter.

[Continued from p. 295.]

CHAPTER IV.

ALTHOUGH the Russian armies were in the immediate neighborhood, and we could every day hear the sound of their cannon, yet the secluded little valley in which I was lodged remained free from the annoyance of their visits. In fact, they could prosecute their march only in places where the country lay considerably open, and afforded no place for ambush. The dwellings of the Circassians are chiefly in the glens and gorges which wind into the very heart of the mountains, and afford a safe retreat and security from the invader. The house assigned me for a residence belonged to one of the beys or princes of the country. This dwelling, which of course was a *konag*, or guest-house, stood in the middle of an enclosed grass-plot, on the bank of a rivulet. On the opposite bank, partly screened by the foliage, was what we should call the farm-yard, with its various barns, outhouses, pens, &c. On the slope of a hill, at a little distance, was the barn with its dependencies. There were only two or three other buildings in this neighborhood. One of these was at a considerable distance up the glen, and belonged to a goatherd. He had a fine garden, and a large number of mulberry-trees.

Here I passed four weeks in a state of perfect quiet, notwithstanding the vicinity of the enemy. Sometimes, a peasant would make his appearance with the alarm that the Russians were coming; but we knew them too well to imagine

they would ever venture into that lonely place. Besides, we were always sure of a safe retreat, for the glen above us contracted into a narrow gully or chasm, over which the woods closed on each side. This wild recess had so dark and dismal an aspect, that it put me in mind of John Bunyan's Valley of the Shadow of Death; yet we should not have scrupled to dive into it at the approach of a Russian regiment.

Although this was quite an out-of-the-way place, yet I had a great number of visitors—many more, indeed, than I found agreeable to me. They commonly came early in the morning; so that I could never get any sleep after daylight, and, in fact, I never could enjoy any thing like privacy. During the daytime I received my visitors, or amused myself with riding and walking. Between sunset and the late hour of supper, we lay on our mats around the blazing hearth, and listened to the long stories related by our host, who was what the sailors call a great yarn-spinner. His household, on these occasions, formed a respectful and attentive auditory, standing in the lower part of the room, for they were not permitted to sit down. The relations of master and servant here, as in most other parts of the East, are of a primitive and affectionate character, and savor nothing of that cold, mercenary spirit which belongs to the hireling and his employer. The servants of my host, to use an expression common here, “never departed from his word;” that is, it had the authority of a father with them. Their faith in their domestic

oracle was unbounded. The stories which he recounted of his wars and travels were highly interesting, and now and then had a strong dash of the marvellous.

In this amusing occupation of story-telling we spent our evenings. At a late hour the door would fly open, while the crowd in the lower part of the room made way for a train of tables and dishes, preceded by ewer, basin, and napkin, for supper; which consisted of substantial fare, such as beef, mutton, goat's flesh, &c. One ceremony attending their feasts I must not omit,—that of the mutton-bone. Whoever gets that flat transparent bone which forms the shoulder-blade, scrapes it clean, holds it up to the light, and examines the spots and clouds that appear in it, for these are believed to be of important good or evil augury. He then passes it to his neighbor, and particularly to any old wrinkled and spectacled crone that may happen to be present, and is supposed to possess the power of seeing farther into a millstone or a mutton-bone than any body else. I could hardly keep from laughing to see these portentous bones travelling about from hand to hand, the soothsayers examining them with the most immovable gravity. The general faith in this bone-gazing is very strong, and what is predicted from it is often assumed as matter of fact and history, and reported about the country accordingly. From this cause, the quantity of false news in circulation is always enormous; and a Circassian mutton-bone will spread abroad as much of what we call *humbug* as an American penny paper.

It is but justice to say that the better-

informed among the Circassians laugh privately at this foolish practice. These people, however, are not alone in the superstition, for it prevails also in Greece and other parts of the Levant. When a correspondent of Mavrocordato, the Greek chieftain, once wrote to him for news, he sent him in return a string of mutton-bones, adding, "This is a file of our newspapers."

Removing my quarters from this lonely glen, I took up my route for the interior. The country in the level parts appeared exceedingly fertile, and, among the mountains, was highly picturesque. It was every where, except in the mountainous districts, intersected by enclosures; some composed of quickset hedges, and others of the trunks and branches of trees interwoven. Enclosures, here, form the only title-deeds to an estate. When the fences are down, the land reverts to the common stock, and may be appropriated on the same conditions by any one who is disposed to build new fences and cultivate it. Thus the occupants are all "squatters," as we should call them, with this advantage over those of our own country, that they cannot be ejected from their farms, nor compelled to pay for them. The Circassians cannot understand how, except for immediate use, any person can claim an exclusive right to the soil. With them all the elements are in common, earth as well as air, fire as well as water; since fuel may be had in any quantity for the cutting. Property here consists in the hands employed in cultivation, cattle, the produce of the earth, and agricultural labor.

With such notions of property, it is easy to understand that the Circassians must have many customs which distin-

guish them from most other people. They have their origin in a spirit of unbounded generosity, and a brave contempt of worldly pelf, when put in competition with it. It is impossible that any man under these circumstances can grow rich, as we should understand the word, since the indigent demand, almost as a right, to be supported from the superfluity of their more fortunate brethren. The Circassian who is known to possess two shirts, or two pair of shoes, is expected to part with one of them for the benefit of the shirtless or unshod. However punctilious in other respects, with regard to property they make no ceremony at all, but give and take with equal indifference. At all the houses in which I lodged, I met with the same courteous and hospitable treatment. It is true, I often made presents, but I was told they were unnecessary, and that I was introducing a bad custom into the country by making them. But, to declare the whole truth, I must add that my presents were rarely declined; nay, even, in some instances, they were importunately solicited; but these were exceptions.

The Circassians are fondly attached to their horses, which are a hardy and docile race, well adapted to the service in which they are employed, involving frequently great privation and fatigue. They treat them with great care, and even affection; and although they are never seen to caress their children, they will kiss and fondle their horses. For some months in the year, these animals are set at liberty, and roam in herds over extensive pastures. In the winter, it is considered a friendly office and a usual compliment to take charge of another person's horse, which

may be out of condition, and return him plump and serviceable. The horses are never shod.

What surprised me most of all, in my ramblings throughout this country, was the general security of life and property here. The imagination of the traveller, as he wanders through the narrow defiles and gloomy forests which abound in every quarter, would naturally people the whole wild territory with banditti, and conjure up to his sight a lurking robber at every turning of the road. But a journey of a few weeks will undeceive him; and having obtained a domicile, and the name of his host, or *konag*, for a passport, he will encounter little danger, and will meet with a cheerful welcome, wherever he goes. There are, however, some practices which, according to our notions, are sufficiently irregular and barbarous. The mountaineers, to guard themselves against the violence of military chiefs, have sought defence in voluntary associations, whose bond of union is an oath, imposing, in the absence of all other ties, obligations of a most sacred character. The members of these communities all regard each other as brothers, and, to strengthen the illusion of their being such, they are not allowed to marry within the community. Thus composing but one family, the members of each society are bound to afford each other succor and support, and, if any one of their body be slain, to demand satisfaction for his death from the tribe of the slayer. Every individual of this tribe, on the other hand, no less than the offender himself, becomes responsible for the deed; and, till satisfaction be given, the two tribes remain at feud. The fine established for manslaughter is two hun-

dred oxen for a male, and one hundred for a female.

Every society, thus incurring the responsibility of its crimes, claims the exclusive right of punishing its own members. Whatever be the offence, — murder, theft, abduction, &c., — there are penalties established for them all. Matters are adjusted by a jury of twelve persons — six from each of the tribes; and their verdict must be unanimous. The penalty is not paid by the criminal, but contributed by the whole tribe. On the other hand, it is not paid over to the injured individual, but distributed among his society.

In consequence of this custom, it happens that, until satisfaction has been accorded and differences settled, the tribes are at war with each other, and, should any of their members meet in travelling, he of the aggrieved party is bound to take revenge and slay his adversary. Such a summary mode of proceeding would, however, prove any thing but satisfactory to his own society, it being an act by which they would forfeit their right to compensation, and which they would resort to only when they despaired of obtaining it. It is curious, therefore, to observe how studiously the members of societies who are at feud avoid meeting each other.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HONESTY. — To be punctual in our engagements, and just in our dealings, though it may sometimes seem to be contrary to our present advantage, is always sure in the end to promote our true interests.

A fair and honest course of conduct

will always be rewarded by the approbation of our fellow-creatures; and this approbation will naturally be followed by good offices and grateful returns, which will certainly tend to promote and give success to all our undertakings.

It is a maxim worthy of being written in letters of gold, that there is no method so certain of defeating the plots of wicked men against us, as by acting uprightly.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. — Even the meanest insect receives an existence from the Author of Being, and why should we idly abridge their span? They have their little sphere of bliss allotted them; they have purposes which they are designed to fulfil; and when these are accomplished, they die. Every thing that has life is doomed to suffer and to feel; though its expression of pain may not be capable of being conveyed to our senses.

To torture is unmanly; to tyrannize, where there can be no resistance, is the extreme of baseness. He who delights in misery, or sports with life, must have a disposition and a heart neither qualified to make himself nor others happy.

REPARTEE. — In reply to some observations of Mr. Dundas in the House of Commons, Sheridan observed — “The right honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.”

POLITENESS. — Every man may hope, by the help of good breeding, to enjoy the kindness of mankind, though he should have no claim to higher distinction.



The Cuttle-Fish.

IN a former number,* we gave a curious account of a sea animal, belonging to a class called *sepia*, described by Mr. Beal. We now give a likeness of a terrible-looking creature, of nearly the same kind, which is called *cuttle-fish*. This creature is common in all seas, and I have often noticed them while standing on the rocks at Nahant.

The cuttle-fish has eight legs, and a head quite distinct, with large, staring eyes. It sees and hears well, and moves easily from place to place. It consists of a jelly-like mass — except that the interior contains a bony substance, which is used for cleaning the teeth, for polishing, and for birds in cages to whet their beaks upon. This creature has a pouch, containing an inky substance: when pursued, it discharges some of this into the water, which is thus rendered turbid, giving an opportunity for the animal to escape.

There are several kinds of animals

resembling the cuttle-fish; but it is curious that each kind lives together, and if any one of another species comes among them, they all unite and chase him away. The whole company combine to drive away the intruder. They seem to be under the command of a leader, and proceed with great regularity. They encircle the cause of their movement, taking care, however, to leave an open space for his retreat.

There are wonderful tales told of some of the fish of this class. It is said that, in hot climates, some of them have arms forty feet in length, and that they have strength enough to take a man out of a boat, and make a meal of him, down in the depths below.

DISCONTENT. — “These are,” says Archbishop Tillotson, “beyond comparison, the two greatest evils in this world — a diseased body and a *discontented mind*.”

* Merry's Museum, 1844, p. 88.

"Take Care of Number One!"

CHAPTER I.

As we are about to give a sketch of some important events in the life of the younger Jacob Karl, we must detain the reader, in our first chapter, with a few particulars of his early days.

Jacob was the son of an Englishman, who came to this country, and settled, many years ago, in one of the villages near Boston. The latter was what is called an *eccentric man*; that is, his ways were all strange and peculiar. He lived in a small brown house, with few articles of furniture, and having no companion except Jacob and an old black cat. His garments were of a fashion many years gone by, and were at once threadbare by use and glazed over by a fine mixture of dust and grease. His form was bent, his step feeble, and his face had a pinched and starved expression.

In truth, old Karl had an appearance of great age and extreme poverty; yet he was not, in fact, over sixty, and he had a large leathern bag, carefully concealed, which contained gold, silver, and copper coin, to the value of about five thousand dollars! Why, then, did he live and look so much like a beggar?

That, gentle reader, is a question of thine own asking, and we do not deem ourselves bound to answer. Nevertheless, out of grace to one we greatly esteem, we will state a few facts, which may give a clew to old Jacob Karl's life and character. He was born and nursed in extreme poverty, and early acquired the idea that the possession of money is the possession of happiness. He grew

up with this vain conceit, and the more he gained, the more eager he was to amass wealth. He began at first to hoard up pence, then shillings, and at last pounds. Finally, he became what is called a *miser*, and his whole soul was absorbed in the desire to increase and keep his cash. So deeply bent was he upon this one idea, that he kept both himself and his son Jacob on the very verge of starvation. Even old Fire-eyes, the black cat, had been subjected to the same regimen, had she not been gifted with a faculty of looking out for herself. Indeed, it often happened that a robin, or a sparrow, and, now and then, even a mole and a squirrel, was wrenched from her claws, to make the old man's meal; though puss grew wise at last, and usually kept her affairs to herself.

Old Karl's avarice, and the anxiety of mind attending it, made him prematurely gray, decrepit, and feeble. Yet all the time he fancied that he was taking the best way to secure happiness. He was naturally what is called a man of strong mind; he had, indeed, seen a good deal of the world; read some books, and thought and reflected much more. But his mind was overturned by one error, and the whole sum and substance of his knowledge was at last concentrated in two principles — first, that *man is made for himself*, and second, that *money is bliss*. Both by example and precept, he endeavored to impress these ideas on the mind of his son, Jacob, and we must admit that he was but too successful.

We cannot dilate further upon this point of our story, but must proceed to launch our hero upon the tide of life and

adventure as speedily as possible. It will be sufficient, therefore, to say here, that one cold winter's night Jacob was awakened by what seemed to him an unusual noise, proceeding from his father's bed. He got up, and groped his way, as well as he could, to the place. It was very dark; but he could discover the cat standing on the foot of the bed, her hair and tail erect, and her eyes shining like two balls of greenish moonlight. The old man was breathing as if half suffocated. Jacob was a boy, but of sufficient experience to see that his father was ill. He spoke to him, but he gave no reply. He then looked about for a light; but as the luxury of a lamp or candle was not tolerated in the hut, it was long before he was able to succeed in obtaining what he desired. At last he found a splinter of pine, and, after a smart blowing, in which he used his cheeks for a bellows, he succeeded in lighting it.

He now proceeded to the bedside, and was struck with a strange sense of horror as he gazed upon his dying parent. The first sight of death is a terrible revelation to youth; the image of the destroyer, once set upon the soul, is never fully effaced. From that moment, it is written upon the heart that man must die, and a shadow, never to pass away, is over every scene of after-existence.

Young Jacob was used to the haggard countenance of his father; but never had he seen him wear such a cold, pallid, fearful aspect as now. At first his eyes were closed; but as the strong light of the torch fell on his face, he opened them, and gazed full upon his son. He now seemed anxious to speak; his lips moved, but no sound issued forth. He

evidently struggled hard; his limbs were convulsed; his breast heaved; and, at last, a faint whisper was uttered. The boy held his ear close; and he caught this sentence, "Good-by, Jacob — good-by — *take care of Number One!*" Having said this, a tremor ran through the old man's frame — his eyes closed, and all was still.

The sable old Fire-eyes now leaped from the bed, and, taking up her position beneath it, curled her tail close around her feet, and sat with a vigilant and ghost-like countenance, waiting for the further progress of events. Jacob drew close to the embers, and, trying to keep himself warm, watched till morning. The time passed slowly, and, as the poets say, "on leaden wings." The boy had, therefore, much time to ponder upon what had just passed, and to repeat over and over to himself the dying injunction of his parent. It may seem strange — yet he looked with a kind of reverence upon the old man; partly because he was his father, and partly because of that necessary ascendancy which a strong mind, and one of determined purposes, acquires over all around.

We note these things with some particularity here, for our story turns much upon that principle of selfishness woven into young Jacob Karl's mind, and which is contained in the homely yet significant adage — "*Take care of Number One.*" But we need not say more upon the topic now, and only add that, when the morning came, Jacob called in the neighbors, and his father was duly buried. The progress of our tale must be reserved for another chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Mahomet II.

IT is a curious and striking fact that the Turks, an Asiatic people, have now been, for about four centuries, the possessors of one of the finest portions of Europe, including the very capital of the Greek emperors, and a large part of the territory which belonged to the Cæsars. Here they have lived, maintaining their Asiatic religion, dress, language, manners, and customs, with little change.

The chief instrument of permanently establishing the Ottoman power in Europe was Mahomet II., called, by his countrymen, "the Victorious." He was born at Adrianople, in 1430, his father, Amurath II., being the sultan of the Ottomans, who then had made considerable encroachments upon the Greek empire, and left its emperor but little more than the possession of Constantinople.

Coming to the throne at an early age,

Mahomet determined to capture that splendid city, and thus complete the conquest of the Greek dominions, which had now been progressing for many years. In April, 1453, he appeared before the capital with 300,000 men, supported by a fleet of 320 vessels. The beleaguered city had no more than 10,000 soldiers for its defence; yet for fifty-three days these held out against every attack of the assailing force. The efforts on both sides seemed only like the struggles of men reckless alike of suffering and death.

Baffled and perplexed by the vigor and obstinacy of the defence, Mahomet resorted to every device which military art and genius could invent. At last, with almost incredible labor, he constructed railways, upon which he transported a portion of his ships, for two miles, from the Bosphorus, into the harbor before the devoted city. This extraordinary measure sealed the fate of Constantinople. A battery of cannon was raised, and on the 29th of May the Turks entered the place by storm. Constantine, the emperor, was slain, sword in hand, and for three days the city was given up to pillage. It is not possible to tell the awful tale of that dreadful period. Sixty thousand men and women were seized, carried away, and sold as slaves.

After the three days, Mahomet entered the metropolis, henceforth to be the seat of his successors, and, passing on, came to the palace of the emperor—a gorgeous pile of buildings, but now stripped, desolate, and uninhabited. "The spider," said Mahomet, quoting a passage of Persian poetry, "has woven his web in

the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab."

History of Ancient Rome.

[Continued from p. 301.]

CHAPTER V. — THE FIRST CÆSAR.

THE successes of Cæsar placed him at the head of the Roman world. His only remaining opponent was Cato, who has been described as one of the most faultless characters in Roman history. This eminent patriot was, however, unable, by force of arms, to restore the liberties of the people, or to arrest Cæsar in his victorious and ambitious career. Being at last deserted by his friends, and dreading to fall into the hands of his enemy, after pondering a while on the nature of the immortality of the soul, he stabbed himself with his own sword — an act which Roman morality held as perfectly justifiable, and which was committed by many of the first characters of the state, when they happened to be deserted by fortune. After the death of Cato, Cæsar was without a rival. Returning to Rome in triumph, he established his power as dictator, and shortly afterwards received the title of *imperator*, or emperor, with full powers of sovereignty. The assumption of these dignities, as may be supposed, served to unite the friends of the republican form of government, and those also who had thriven on the diseases of the state, with the view of making away with the usurper. A deep-laid conspiracy was accordingly formed against Cæsar, composed of sixty senators, at the head of whom was Deci-

mus Brutus, whose life Cæsar had spared after the battle of Pharsalia, and Cassius, who was pardoned soon after. Cæsar was privately made acquainted with the existence of plots against his life; but, being of a fearless disposition, he proceeded, on the day intended for the fatal blow, to the senate-house. Here, by a preconcerted signal, he was stabbed behind, in the shoulder, by Casca. All the conspirators now rushed forward, and he received a second stab, in the breast, while Cassius wounded him in the face. In this emergency, he defended himself with great vigor, rushing among them, and throwing down such as opposed him, till he saw Brutus among the conspirators, who, coming up, struck his dagger into his thigh. From that moment Cæsar thought no more of defending himself, but, looking upon the ungrateful assailant, cried out, "And you, too, Brutus!" Then, covering his head, and spreading his robe before him, in order to fall with a greater decency, he sank down at the base of Pompey's statue, after receiving twenty-three wounds from hands which he vainly supposed he had disarmed by his benefits. Thus died this remarkable man, the greatest who ever aspired to sovereignty in Rome, the victor in five hundred battles, and the conqueror of a thousand cities, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. (44 B. C.)

Upon the death of Cæsar, the conspirators were unable to form a government, or to inspire confidence in their designs; and in the distractions which ensued, Mark Antony, an ambitious man, and formerly a lieutenant of Cæsar, endeavored to raise himself to the supreme command. In this effort he was not successful. Octavius, grand-nephew and

adopted son of Cæsar, also came forward as a candidate for power; and so likewise did a third personage, named Lepidus. As no one of these ambitious men possessed sufficient force to attain supreme command, they entered into a coalition, forming a tripartite power, termed a triumvirate. Being opposed by Brutus, a dreadful civil war ensued, the atrocities of which are scarcely paralleled in history. Brutus was ultimately killed, after which event the triumvirate quarrelled among themselves, and Octavius, by force of arms becoming conqueror, attained the dignity of emperor of Rome.

CHAPTER VI. — JULIUS CÆSAR'S SUCCESSORS.

ON arriving at this proud eminence, Octavius, now called Augustus Cæsar,* relinquished the ambitious designs of his predecessors; he endeavored to consolidate the empire, instead of extending it to undue bounds, and introduced a spirit of moderation into the public councils hitherto unknown. Knowing the taste of the Romans, he indulged them in the pride of seeing the appearance of a republic, while he made them really happy in the effects of a most absolute monarchy, guided by the most consummate prudence. Historians delight in recounting the number of

good deeds of Augustus, and the glories of his time; and from him the phrase of "the Augustan age," applied by writers to periods in the history of nations remarkable for the prosperity and refinement which prevailed, has been derived. It was in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of this magnanimous prince that Jesus Christ was born, in the Roman province of Judea. In the year 14 of our era, Augustus was succeeded by Tiberius, a person of an entirely different character, and under whom the corruptions of the state became very great. In the nineteenth year of his cruel reign, Christ was crucified, under Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Jerusalem. In the year 37, Tiberius was put to death, by smothering him with pillows, or, as some historians allege, by poison; and he was succeeded by Caligula, a person of vicious habits and still more cruel character. This emperor was prodigal and extravagant to a degree almost inconceivable. The luxuries of former emperors were simplicity itself when compared to those which he practised. He contrived new ways of bathing, where the richest oils and most precious perfumes were used with the utmost profusion. He found out dishes of immense value, and had even jewels, we are told, dissolved among his sauces. He sometimes had services of pure gold presented before his guests instead of meat. But his prodigality was the most remarkable in regard to his horse. He built for it a stable of marble, and a manger of ivory. Whenever this animal, which he called Incitatus, was to run, he placed sentinels near its stable the night preceding, to prevent its slumbers from being broken. He appointed it a house furniture, and a

* A number of the imperial successors of Julius Cæsar assumed the title of *Cæsar*, in addition to their other designations, in the same manner as we find the appellations of Pharaoh and Ptolemy were assumed by many of the Egyptian sovereigns. The name of Cæsar has been curiously enough preserved until modern times, in the title of *Czar*, which is given by the Russians to their monarchs.

kitchen, in order to treat all its visitors with proper respect. He sometimes invited it to his own table, and presented it with gilt oats, and wine in a golden cup. He often swore by the safety of his horse; and historians mention, that he would have appointed it to a consulship, had not his death prevented. Caligula perished by assassination, after a reign of less than four years; of him it has been said, that nature seemed to have brought him forth to show what was possible to be produced from the greatest vice supported by the greatest authority. He was succeeded by Claudius, who was a feeble and contemptible emperor, and who was finally cut off by poison. Nero, the next emperor, was at once noted for his cruelty, his vanity, and his debased passions. The atrocities he committed go beyond the reach of language to describe, and are such as perhaps never entered into the mind of any human being. A conspiracy having been raised against him, and being at length hunted by assassins, he fell by a stroke of his own dagger. Of the succeeding emperors, we need not here enter into a detail. Under Vespasian, the tenth, and Titus, the eleventh emperor, the state rallied a little, and justice and an appearance of decency were once more resumed.

The reign of Trajan, the fourteenth emperor, almost renewed the glories of Augustus. (A. D. 107.) He advanced the empire to a greater degree of splendor than it had hitherto attained. He pursued his military conquests into new regions, even to Hindostan, and added greatly to the extent of the Roman territories; although this was not ultimately attended with any good effect. Trajan is distin-

guished as the greatest and the best emperor of Rome. Having given peace and prosperity to the empire, he continued his reign, loved, honored, and almost adored, by his subjects. A pillar commemorating his great actions, erected in Rome, is still in existence. His successor, Adrian, was also a good sovereign, and was distinguished for his abilities and literary acquirements. After this period, the empire was never again under the authority of any ruler remarkable for his magnanimity. The greater part of the successors of Adrian were dissolute and vicious in their habits, and under them the empire waned to its close. The only one deserving to be noticed was Constantine, the forty-first emperor. (A. D. 311.)

At the death of Constantius, the fortieth emperor, he bequeathed the sovereignty to his son Constantine, a young prince of promising abilities. In the attempt, however, to take possession of his inheritance, he was opposed by three contending rivals — Maxentius, who governed in Rome, a person of cruel disposition, and a steadfast supporter of paganism; Licinius, who commanded in the east; and Maximin, who also governed some of the eastern provinces. The first step taken by Constantine was an expedition with an army to Rome, to expel Maxentius. One evening, while the army was on its march, Constantine, who was of a meditative disposition, sat in his camp reflecting upon the uncertain fate of sublunary things, and the dangers of the enterprise in which he was engaged. It was then, according to a fabulous legend of the Christian church, that, as the sun was declining, there suddenly appeared a pillar of light in the

heavens, in the form of a cross, with the inscription, in the Greek language, "In this, overcome!" So extraordinary an appearance did not fail to create astonishment and religious awe in the mind of Constantine, and he resolved forthwith to adopt the religious persuasion of the hitherto persecuted Christians. On the day following, he caused a royal standard to be made like that which he had seen in the heavens, and commanded it to be carried before him in his wars, as an ensign of victory and celestial protection. After this, he consulted with several of the principal teachers of Christianity, and made a public avowal of that sacred persuasion. Constantine, having thus attached his soldiers to his interest, who were mostly of the Christian faith, lost no time in entering Italy with 90,000 foot, and 800 horse. With this large force, he fought with and overcame Maxentius, and entered Rome in triumph. One of his first acts was to ordain that no criminal should for the future suffer death by crucifixion, which had formerly been the most usual way of punishing slaves convicted of capital offences. Edicts were soon after issued, declaring that the Christians should be eased from all their grievances, and received into places of trust and authority. Thus the new religion was seen at once to prevail over the Roman empire, and, being associated with the state, the bishops and other clergy were endowed with an authority which had formerly been wielded by the priests of the ancient paganism.

Shortly after the establishment of Christianity, (A. D. 321,) Constantine executed a resolution of transferring the seat of government from Rome to Byzantium, or

Constantinople, as it was afterwards called, in honor of his name. As Greece and various provinces in Asia now formed a part of the Roman empire, it was believed that Constantinople would form a more central situation for the capital. Whatever truth there might be in this, the transfer, instead of proving in any respect advantageous, weakened the fabric of the state, and exposed it to a more speedy dissolution. Constantine died when above sixty years old, leaving a mixed character "of piety and credulity, of courage and cruelty, of justice and ambition," and was succeeded by his three sons, Constantine, Constantius, and Constans. These divided the empire among them, but it was subsequently united by Constantius, after a war of twelve years' duration. This union was of no long continuance. Theodosius, in the year 395, permanently divided the empire into the Eastern and Western Roman Empires, the capital of the former being Constantinople, and of the latter Rome. The history of these two divisions of the Roman territory now also separates; and, following the usual practice of historians, we shall leave the Eastern or Byzantine Empire to form the subject of a separate narrative, and conclude with a few words upon the latter days of the old Roman or Western Empire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROVERB. — "*Much falls between the cup and the lip.*" This proverb warns us against placing too sanguine a dependence upon future expectations, though very promising; intimating, that the fairest hopes are often dashed in pieces by the intervention of some unforeseen and unexpected accident.

The Longest Ladder in the World.

ON approaching the roads of Jamestown, in the Island of St. Helena, your attention is attracted by an enormous ladder, that extends from the town beneath to a fort directly over the town, on the summit of a hill 800 feet high. On inquiry, I found that sentinels were placed both below and above, for the purpose of preventing any one ascending or descending without an order from the town-major. This regulation was adopted in consequence of the number of accidents, attended with fatal consequences, that had occurred. Together with a companion, after dinner, I rambled down to the guard-house, and having found the town-major there, we obtained an order to permit our ascent. The ladder is composed of steps more than three feet in width, and some four inches in breadth, firmly fastened in sides of great strength. On either side is a hand-rail of such a width, that you can conveniently lay a hand on either side. The steps are upward of eighteen inches apart, and great numbers of them much decayed. At regular distances are small seats for resting-places. On one side, without the ladder, a description of slide has been formed, along which pulleys are fixed, for the purpose, it would seem, of raising any thing from the town beneath, or lowering from the fort above. The face of the hill, against which the ladder is erected, is extremely steep, so as utterly to preclude the idea of any ascent without artificial means; in places there are perfect precipices, the

rocks completely overhanging. At the bottom we found no sentry, and so proceeded to ascend at once, but had not attained above the height of one hundred feet, when we heard a voice hailing us, and perceived a sentry calling on us to return, who, in his walk, had been concealed from us, when below, by an intervening projection. Down we had to go, and having shown our pass, and satisfied the Cerberus, commenced our ascent again. At first we proceeded rapidly, but soon found that not to answer, the height of each step causing considerable exertion. More slowly then we moved along, attained the third resting-place, where we seated ourselves, and turned round to view the town beneath, with its narrow streets and confined situation, cowering, as it were, between the two mighty hills that seemed to press it on either side. Aloft we turned our eyes, anxiously wishing ourselves at the top; but we had the best part of the ascent yet to accomplish, and to our task once more we went. As we attained a greater height, we found the steps getting more and more out of repair, in some places two or three steps together broken, so that we had to clamber up the best way we could. On, on we went, with alternate rests; the town, the bay, and shipping beneath, gradually became more minute, the moving bodies seeming almost mites. When we reached within a hundred feet of the top, the unusual fatigue almost overpowered us, the dizzy height so affected us that we felt as if we could scarce preserve ourselves from falling; yet we persevered, and did succeed in reaching the top. A moment later, one human being would

have passed into another world. My companion, who was before me, had scarce passed the gate at the top, when he fainted, completely overcome; and he afterwards declared to me, that, for the last hundred feet or so, nothing prevented his physical energies from being overcome by the fatigue and the position he was in but the immediate prospect of reaching a place of safety. Many lives have been lost on this ladder, particularly those of passengers, whom curiosity induced to attempt the ascent. The artillerymen and garrison of the fort are not (however used to going up and down) exempt from casualties; and it was only the very week before my visit to St. Helena that an artilleryman was killed, in attempting to descend the ladder against time for a wager. Ladder-Hill Fort completely hangs over the bay; it is of great strength, and commands the roadstead beneath. In the batteries are mounted generally eighteen twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, but there are some few guns of a larger calibre. A singular accident happened a few years previous on this battery. A passenger from one of the ships in the bay had ascended to the fort, and, looking from the ramparts of one of the batteries, perceived his vessel beneath, and thought he could reach her with a stone; but in his attempt to do so overbalanced himself, and fell from the awful height, being dashed literally to pieces in the fall.

After passing an hour at the fort, we descended, but by the road, which is cut in a zigzag manner in the side of the hills. — "*Reminiscences of a Nine Years' Travel*," in the *Liverpool Times*.

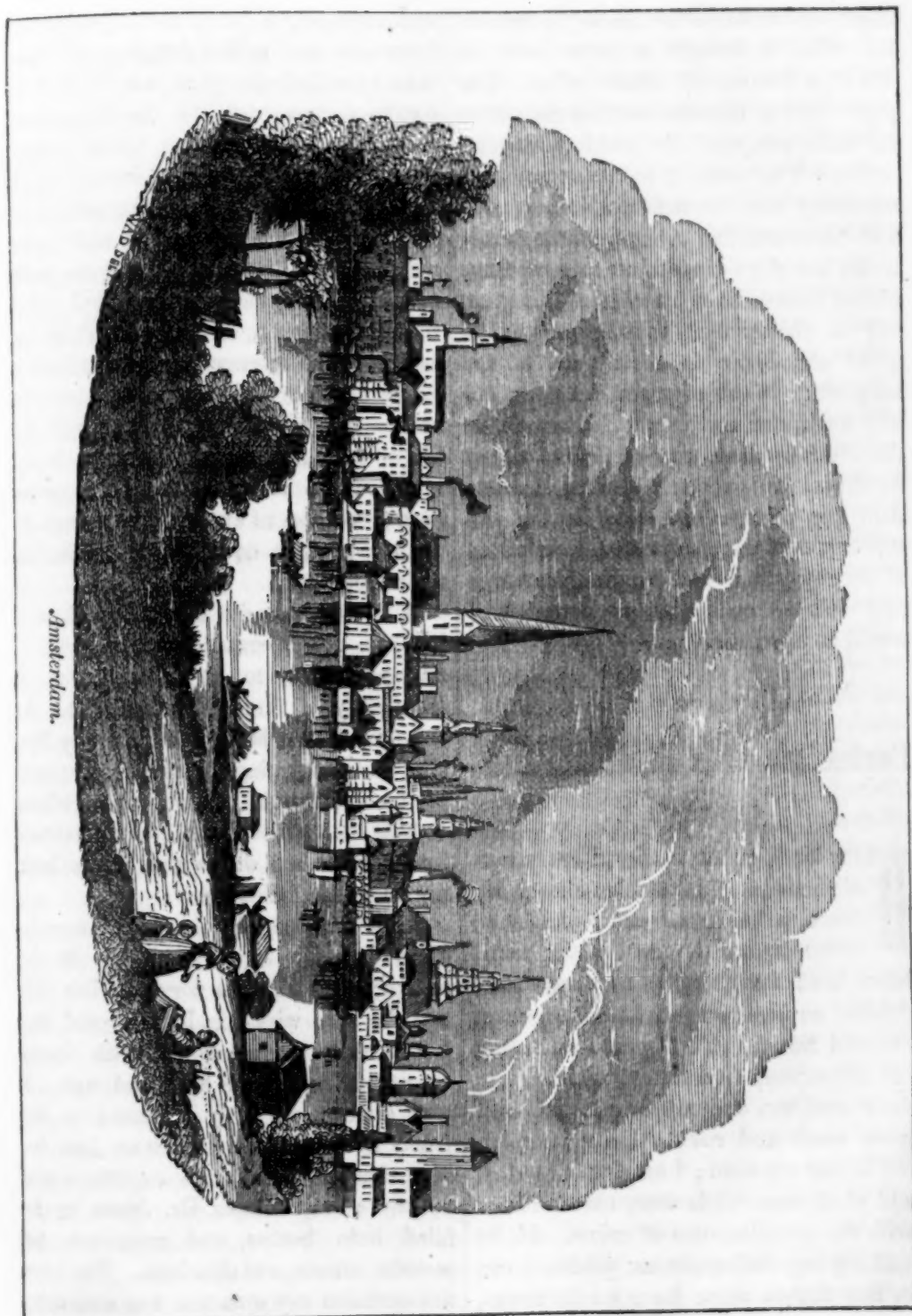
Amsterdam.

THIS city, which is the commercial metropolis of Holland, is in some respects one of the most singular places in the world. The site was originally a salt marsh, lying over a vast bed of peat, in some places forty or fifty feet thick. In order to obtain a foundation, long masts were driven into the earth; and upon the ends of these the houses and streets are built. By the wonderful industry of the inhabitants, the difficulties of the situation have been overcome, and Amsterdam now contains two hundred thousand people.

The streets generally cross each other at right angles. Some are broad and handsome, being lined with rows of elms, walnut-trees, and limes. The canals within the town are so numerous as to divide the city into ninety islands, and the bridges are two hundred and forty in number. One of these, the Amstel-Brug, consists of thirty-five arches; through the eleven central ones large ships may pass. Near the bridge is a sluice and gate, by which the River Amstel may be stopped, and the country around the city laid under water.

The Town Hall of Amsterdam is built of stone, and is 282 feet long, 235 feet wide, and 116 high. It stands on 13,659 piles of wood. The interior is adorned with a profusion of statues and pictures, which attest the splendor of the commerce of Holland in former days. The room called the *marble hall* is said to be the finest in Europe, being 120 feet long, 56 broad, and 98 high.

Amsterdam has no water that is fit to



drink, or is suitable for culinary purposes, but what is brought in boats from the Vecht, a distance of fifteen miles. The pure water of Utrecht is sold in the streets for table use, and for making tea and coffee. The want of so indispensable a necessary must be unfavorable to health, and the stench that arises from the canals in the hot days of summer is sometimes almost intolerable. The fuel of this great city is chiefly turf, which is found in great abundance in most parts of the kingdom. Billets of wood are occasionally used, and coals from Newcastle or the Forth by those who can afford to pay for them. It is remarkable that Amsterdam has changed so little for the last century, that the guides and descriptions of the city published a hundred years ago may still be considered as correct and useful companions.

Confessions of a Medicine-Chest.

CHAPTER I.

DEAR, kind, gentle reader, I am a conscience-stricken medicine-chest! My participation in so many deeds of darkness, and the recollection that I have been accessory to so many early deaths, so many needless sacrifices of life and health, have begun to make my old sides warp and widen, my dovetails draw asunder, and my hinges and lock grow weak and rusty. I am, in short, old before my time; I am decaying fast, and shall soon fall to dust, overwhelmed with the consciousness of crime. If, by making my delinquencies public, I can in any degree atone for my own errors,

and my being a party to the self-willed ignorance and selfish juggling of those who have had charge of me, I shall be amply remunerated for the travails of authorship, in prosecuting which I have been obliged to use a tolerably thick mixture of rhubarb and magnesia as a writing fluid, the back of an old "poor man's plaster" for paper, and the point of a spreading-knife for a style! But these somewhat tedious labors will be but as dust in the balance if I can persuade a single devotee to physic, that laudanum and paregoric are not specifics for all the ills of life; that a slight paleness is not always to be put to flight by a nauseous dose; and that at every slight twinge of pain, a poultice need not be applied to the afflicted part.

It is now nearly ten years since I left my dusty corner, on the shelf of an apothecary, to be domesticated in the family of Mrs. Tibbetts Smith. At the time of my being purchased by her, she was beginning to show symptoms of the approach of old age, whose coming has since been sadly hastened by the merciless drugs that it has been my doom to administer.

I knew at once, by the lady's appearance, that she loved to dabble in the healing art; and, by a very peculiar odor that she bore with her, I discovered that her pockets were stuffed with every species of medicinal herb and root. It was always my way to listen to the wants of customers that came into the shop, and to observe the eagerness and activity of my master, Dr. Jones, as he filled little bottles, and measured out pounds, ounces, and drachms. But upon this occasion my attention was unusually

cused, as Mrs. Tibbetts Smith, in a ice suited to her robust person, intimated her desire to look at a very large medicine-chest. "There's a sizable cretur, now," said she, "up there, doctor." And she stretched out, in a direct line to my keyhole, a withered hand, between the fingers of which I discovered sundry small fragments of pennyroyal.

"Good-by, old Dusty Corner!" said I to myself; for my heart was lighter then than it ever can be again. "Yes, marm," said Galen, as he mounted to my resting-place, on a ricketty pair of steps, "yes, marm, this is just the identical idea for a person as likes a good-sized bottle, and a drawer for sticking-plaster, and things of that sort, into the bargain. I could a sold this feller ten times over, if his bottles had only been a leetle bit smaller; but you, marm, who knows fleebotomy so well, and knows what's what about yarbs and all sorts of docterin'—"
"O doctor, now!" interrupted the gratified Mrs. Smith. "Well, marm, its no use denying it, for all the world knows it! You, marm, must know that a small dose is no kind of use whatever, marm." Here he winked at camphor and squills, of each of which there was a pint, to say the least, beneath my lid. "Don't talk to me of small doses!" said Mrs. Smith,—and she drew a breath of such fearful length, as to settle the question forever.

I now was fully aware of the dreadful life I should lead, if I should fall into the hands of this sorceress. I soon saw, to my sorrow that I must change my hitherto idle, though innocent course of life, for one in which the crimes that I should commit,

and the damage to life that I should occasion, were to be reckoned by the number of doses I should give. The chaffering between the two traffickers in health and physic was now taking a turn favorable to my removal; for Dr. Jones had agreed to fill my gallipots, bottles, and pill-boxes, without making any extra charge.

O, what a wistful glance I now cast at Dusty Corner! What would I have given to have been once more seated between that jar of mouldy raspberry vinegar and that empty brandy bottle without a cork! All the thoughts and feelings of my past life underwent a complete revulsion. I had been accustomed to sneer at a medicine-chest which occupied a neighboring shelf, because his bottles and boxes were less capacious than mine. Ah! how gladly would I have exchanged sizes with him, as his diminutive appearance had saved him from becoming a candidate for Mrs. Smith's acceptance! I always had a horror of cheats of all descriptions, and had therefore lavished no little contempt upon Dr. Jones's scales, which were notorious for scant measure. But now, as I saw myself in a fair way for committing various crimes and misdemeanors, I would have become a false weight with gladness, stopping short only of petty larceny. Yes, I would have stripped myself of my unhallowed dignity, and descended to the sneaking life of an ounce weight, out of whose bottom I had distinctly seen Dr. Jones dig fifteen grains. I would have given all my hopes of happiness could I have been transmuted into a spreading-knife or a castor-oil label. I verily believe I would

not have hesitated in exchanging destinies with a homœopathic pill! Such was my agony that, as Mrs. Smith shut my lid to have a look at me all over, I sighed forth an inward groan, which took vent in a creak of my hinges. Dr. Jones, who probably had no idea of the strife that was going on within me, cruelly mistook the lamentation which I had uttered for an application to be oiled, and he forthwith lubricated my joints with a feather kept for the purpose. This was the only hint I had ever received as to the nature of my master's religion; but this act seemed, in my agony of mind, so much like a resort to *extreme unction*, that I set him down, ever after, as a Catholic.

But my thoughts were soon obliged to take another turn, as I felt myself lifted in mid-air, in Dr. Jones's arms, by which I was conveyed to her wagon. I was very carefully laid upon a bed of spear-mint, and tightly wedged in by a large sassafras root. I was then covered with a tartan shawl, the edges and ends of which were strongly crammed into every cranny between sassafras and me; upon the top of that was gently laid a horse-hair pillow, and upon the top of all sat the portly form of Mrs. Tibbetts Smith. And so, if you will believe me, we rode for eight miles. I would have given the world for a smart joggle, but Mrs. Smith effectually prevented that. Under all the circumstances, I should certainly have fainted, had it not been for the kindness of Sal Volatile, who breathed, through a chink in her cork, a portion of her soul-reviving pungency. "Ffmm — fimm — fimm," snuffed Mrs. Smith; "lauk me, I thought I smelt salvolat—I should

think I might keep it from joggling, as I weighed over two hunder pounds last time I sot on Major Whiting's scales; and I aint no lighter now, I guess. But you shan't joggle, if I can stop you!" Saying this, and suiting the action to the word, she jammed the sassafras root in still tighter, and squeezed the shawl down still closer. My situation, however, was not much worse than before, and I began to entertain hopes that the time of my delivery was near at hand. Suddenly we stopped: Mrs. Smith jumped out with as much agility as her two hundred pounds would allow. I was fondly awaiting the removal of the tartan and sassafras, when I saw her climbing into the wagon again, with a large stalk of milkweed, which she had picked, and which she threw upon some mint by my side. This was afterwards applied to a wart upon one of her children's faces. Along the whole of the road, her attention was entirely occupied in endeavoring to descry some medicinal herb, whose virtues might be tested on the members of her large family.

By the time we had reached her house, we had collected fourteen sprigs of bay-berry, half a dozen handfuls of penny-royal, seven huge dandelions, and one wild artichoke. These, on our arrival, were carefully laid by on shelves to dry, to be taken down and administered in the various forms of infusion, decoction, and potion, as occasion might require. As for me, I was carefully placed under a side-table, upon a square piece of carpet, which Mrs. Smith had previously prepared for my reception. I had expected to be overhauled in all my parts, and to undergo a rigid examination at the

hands of my future mistress. This pleasure she postponed to another day, when she could be alone, and devote her whole soul to a thorough ransacking of my contents.

As it was near night when we arrived, and as Mrs. Smith and her children went early to bed, I was soon left to my own thoughts. The embers in the fireplace were fast dying away, and tables, and bureaus, and chairs, were becoming involved in the general obscurity. My reflections by that fading light were by no means pleasant. I had, in one short day, become acquainted, in some degree at least, with the character of my mistress, and had a shrewd foresight of the uses to which I should be applied. I knew her to be an ignorant dabbler in the mysteries of the science to which I had the honor to be an humble appendage. She was thoroughly medicine-mad, and used often to say that it was only by the continual use of physic, in every shape, that she kept her children alive. These children, whose constitutions, I supposed, were to bear as best they could the repeated doses to be doled forth from beneath my lid, I had seen on the night of my arrival. They were five—three boys and two girls; with interesting countenances, but melancholy expression, whose health and spirits had been frittered away by their mother's ceaseless drugging.

"Here, then," thought I, "is my fearful sphere of action. I am doomed to be an unwilling witness, nay, a conscious participant, of killing by inches—or doses rather; I must sit quietly by, and hear the stopples of my bottles, as they clink upon the glass, ringing the knell of my unhappy devotees. Whether I dry

up their blood, and exhaust the current in their young veins by my opium and brandy, or wear out their strength and energy by my salts and senna,—whether I quicken into fever or bring stagnation to the pulse,—I am alike guilty by my participation in the crime." As the embers on the hearth grew still more dim, my thoughts assumed a darker hue. My prospects were dreary in the extreme. I would have given any thing to be in a situation where I might have dispensed my simples and compounds to the benefit and advantage of those who used them; but I saw nothing before me but an indiscriminate emptying of my bottles and boxes, doled out by the hand of ignorance, and taken by that of credulous and misplaced confidence. My prediction has proved too true. Almost the only sound that has reached my ear, for the past ten years, has been the clink of the spoon as it rattled in the tumbler, or the seething of the weed as it simmered over the fire. But my ink is getting dry, and my paper—or rather my plaster—is filling up, and I must wait till Mrs. Smith has paid another visit to Dr. Jones, before I can resume my story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Happiness.

VARIOUS, sincere, and constant are the efforts of men to procure that happiness which the nature of the mind requires; but most seem to be ignorant both of the source and means of genuine felicity.

Religion alone can afford true joy and permanent peace. It is this that inspires

fortitude, supports patience, and, by its prospects and promises, throws a cheering ray into the darkest shade of human life.

"Where dwells this sovereign bliss? Where doth it grow?

Know, mortals, happiness ne'er dwelt below;
Look at yon heaven; go seek the blessing there;

Be heaven thy aim, thy soul's eternal care;
Nothing but God, and God alone, you'll find,
Can fill a boundless and immortal mind."

Voltaire.

THIS extraordinary man was born at Paris, in February, 1694. He was feeble at his birth, and it seemed doubtful whether he could be reared. So early was his genius manifested, that he is said to have written verses before he left his cradle. His published works are very numerous, and all are marked with extraordinary wit and brilliancy of imagination. But nearly all are filled with infidelity, and most of them display great coarseness of taste and depravity of heart. The following anecdote of him will be read with interest.

He possessed a young eagle, to which he was extremely attached. The petted bird one day fell ill, which gave its master the greatest anxiety on its account. Every morning and evening he asked the servant, to whom the care of it had been intrusted, how it was, and gave her the necessary directions for its nursing. Madeline, however, came one morning, and, with a smile on her mouth, said, "Sir, your eagle is now recovered." "Ha! has he? how glad I am!" "But, sir, he is dead, I mean." "What, dead! and you bring

me the news with a smile on your countenance!" "Alas, sir, he was so thin and lean, is it not better that he should have died?" "A fine reason you give me then," roared the exasperated Voltaire, starting from his chair — "a fine reason! So, I presume, you would have me done away with, because I am thin. Only think of that hussy, to give me the news of my poor eagle's death, laughing, and because he was thin! Do you imagine that it is only big, fat, unwieldy *bêtes*, like you, that have a right to live? Away, away! Begone out of my sight! If you mean to kill all those that are thin, go and find employment with persons as fat as yourself."

Madame Dennis, who saw her uncle in such a passion, pretended to dismiss the servant, but merely ordered her to conceal herself in one of the outhouses. Voltaire, at the end of three months, happened to speak of this servant. "She has been very unfortunate," said his niece. "She has not been able to find a place, as it was generally known that you had dismissed her." "That was her fault; why did she laugh at the death of my eagle, because he was thin? But, still, she ought not to starve. Let her return; but never let her meet my eye." So Madeline came forth from her hiding-place, and took especial care that her master should not see her. This, however, was a difficult matter. She met Voltaire one day in a narrow path: Madeline cast her eyes down, and attempted to mutter a few words of apology; but Voltaire interrupted her, and said, "Well, we won't speak of it any more; but recollect that all those that are thin are not to be killed."



Birthplace of Joan of Arc.

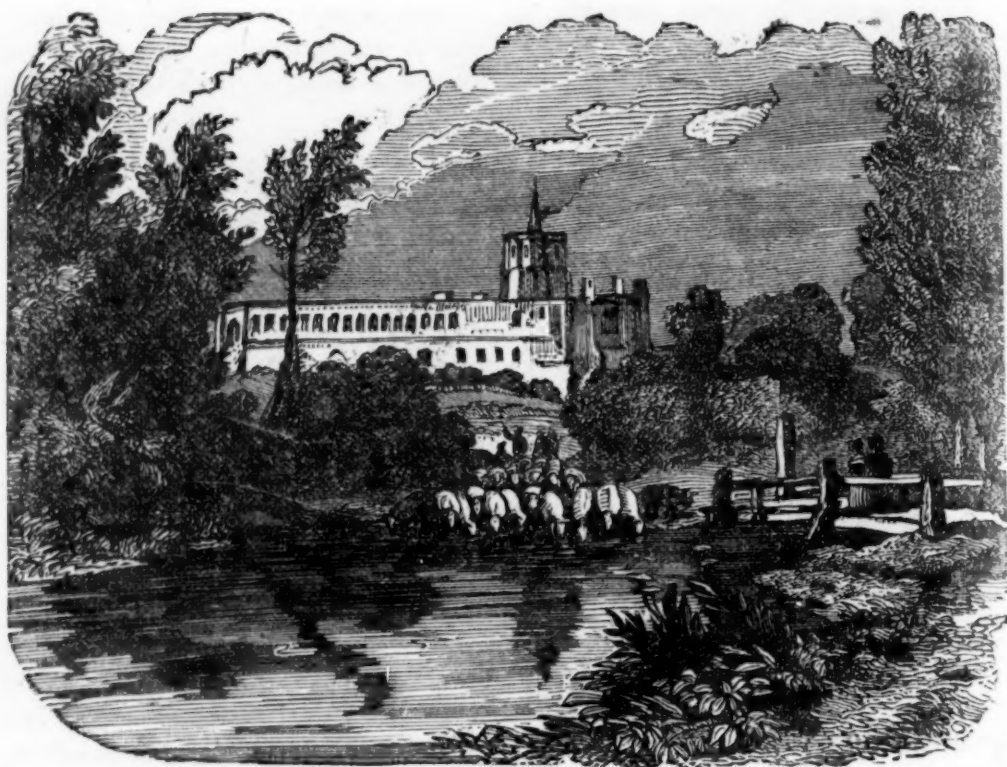
IN the little village of Domremy, situated on the bank of the Meuse, near the borders of Belgium, is still to be seen the humble cottage in which the renowned Joan of Arc was born. Though it is a good deal changed since the birth

of the heroine, it is still visited by travellers, and is held in great regard by the people around. There is an ancient statue of her still to be seen above the door-way, representing her in a kneeling posture: this, however, is much dilapidated.

THE VESSEL WITHOUT A PILOT.—A Fable.—A pilot having refused to take a ship out of port during very stormy weather, the vessel resolved to break through all restraint; and, having reasoned with herself that the sea was large enough to ramble in without danger, and that she was capable of travelling any where if she had sea room, she one night broke from her moorings, and set off without a guide. For a while she rode in a very stately manner on the

water. “How finely I go!” said she; “I need no rudder to guide me. Here is room enough; what danger can there be in the midst of this mighty ocean?” While indulging these dreams, she struck upon a rock, which lay concealed under the water, and instantly split, and went to the bottom.

PATIENCE and resignation are sure to meet their reward.



The Abbey Church at St. Alban's, England.

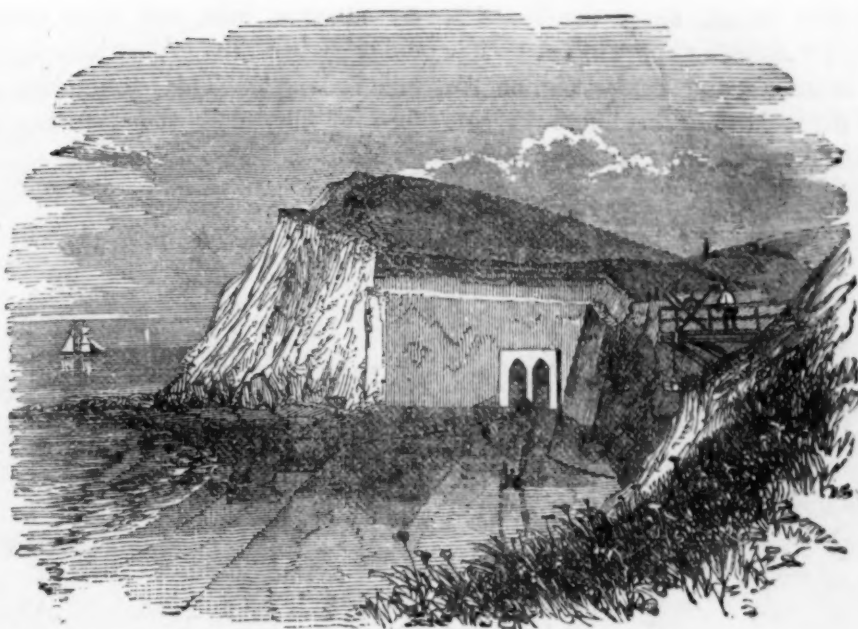
THE old town of St. Alban's is about twenty miles from London, and among the objects of interest there is the ancient abbey church. This is a fine specimen of the oldest edifices of this class. It is externally very plain, and almost rude: a portion of its walls is built of the Roman tiles from the ruins of the old city of Verulam; the other parts are of freestone. The arches of the ancient cloisters are still to be seen; and specimens of Saxon, Norman, and the plain as well as florid Gothic styles of architecture, indicating the great age of

the structure, and the steps by which it has reached its present condition, are found in different parts of it.

The dimensions of the edifice strike us with wonder: the entire length is 600 feet; the extreme width of its transepts is 174 feet! The nave, with its aisles, present a single room of vast length, with a width of 74 feet.

This church was part of an ancient abbey at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII., and its revenues were nearly 10,000 dollars a year!

DEATH. — "I look upon death," says Dr. Franklin, "to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning."



The Dover Railway Tunnel.

IN every part of Great Britain, the traveller is struck with the evidences of enterprise which characterize the people; among these there are few works more remarkable than the "*Shakspeare Cliff tunnels*."

Every one has heard of *Shakspeare's Cliff*. This is a high bluff of chalk, west of the town of Dover, on the north side of the British Channel. Its white appearance gave the name of *Albion*, signifying *white*, to England. It is so elevated that the coast of France, twenty-one miles distant, may be easily seen from it. But however bold and striking, the chief interest attached to this mound is derived from Shakspeare's description in the tragedy of "*King Lear*."

"Hark! do you hear the sea?"

—"How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and shoughs, that wing the mid-way air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down

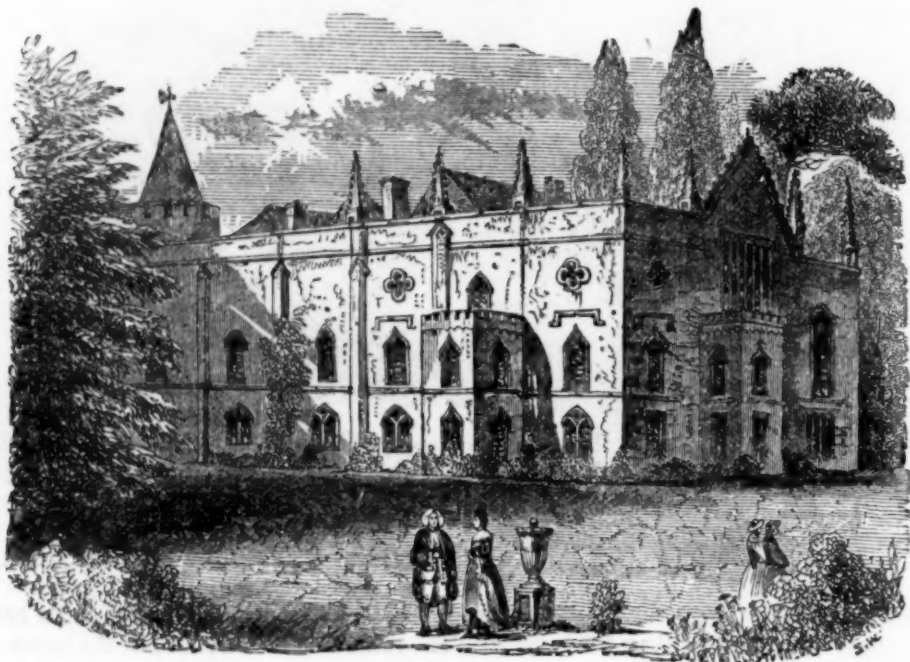
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring
bark

Diminished to her cock."

A few years since, the "*South-Eastern Railway*," to run from London to Dover, was projected, and is now completed. Two tunnels, through the cliff before described, became necessary, and the whizzing locomotives fly along the dizzy precipice above described, as if it were an ordinary highway. In spite of the reverence for Shakspeare, this cliff has become a thoroughfare for impatient travellers, the choughs and crows have vanished, and, in their place, a steam-car and its train may be daily seen, gliding like arrows along the brow of the precipice.

The first tunnel above mentioned is called the "*Abbot's Cliff Tunnel*." It is a mile in length, and comes out, on the face of the rock, sixty feet above the sea. It passes along the front of the rampart, for about a mile, and then enters the "*Shakspeare Tunnel*," which is also a mile in length. This again issues on the face of the cliff, and proceeds to its terminus at Dover.



Strawberry Hill.

THE village of Twickenham, in England, is alike celebrated for its beauty and the remarkable personages who have made it their residence. It is situated on the River Thames, about eleven miles south-west of London. It is quite a populous place, and the river's bank is lined with the most charming villas, presenting every variety of architecture and rural embellishment. Between this place and Richmond, which is the most beautiful town in England, is a walk along the bank of the river which is not surpassed by any thing of the kind in the world.

The celebrated poet Pope was so charmed with Twickenham, that he made it his residence. He occupied himself, during the latter part of his life, in embellishing his villa, which soon became a most delightful place. It was afterwards, however, even more interesting, from its having been the residence of so fine a poet and so great a man. It is a curious and pleasing fact, that a person of great genius seems to endow every thing which is connected with his memory with a sort of never-dying interest. For this reason it is, that the birthplace of Shakspeare is

visited by thousands of travellers, who seem to approach the spot as if it were hallowed ground. The same is the fact in regard to the birthplace of Robert Burns, of Dr. Johnson, and thousands of others.

But Twickenham has lost some of its interest, from the circumstance that Pope's villa has been torn down, and another is built near it: a grotto, in which the poet loved to sit and converse with his friends, is in ruins, and a willow-tree, which he planted, and which was long an object of regard, has perished. Another is in its place, but it was not planted by that magic hand which wrote the "Essay on Man."

Pope died in May, 1744, and was buried with his parents in the church at Twickenham. Soon after this event, Horace Walpole, son of Sir Robert Walpole, a celebrated statesman, purchased an estate in this village, and built a queer, half-Gothic dwelling, which is still standing. It goes by the name of Strawberry Hill, and is an object of interest, as being connected with the name of its founder.

Walpole was a man of some note in his time, and had intercourse with the authors, wits, and geniuses, of his day. He wrote several works, among which his "Castle of Otranto" had the greatest reputation during his time. His letters, however, are by far his most valuable productions, and may be regarded as among the finest ever written. A volume of anecdotes, published since his death, is an amusing work.

Walpole had an income, from certain offices of the government, of 15,000 dollars a year; these were what are called *sinecures*, where the pay was large,

and the service rendered was nothing. One of the offices was that of "*Comptroller of the Pipe*." And so Walpole received some 5000 dollars a year, under pretence of taking care of his majesty's pipe! This is, of course, nothing more than a cunning way of swindling the people, who had to work hard to get so much money; and it might seem strange that a man of decent character could be found to engage in such a mean kind of thievery: but, unhappily, the history of governments in all ages is full of such instances. Even in our own day, it often happens that a public agent or officer gets many thousand dollars of the people's money, for which he renders no adequate service.

By means of his ample income, Walpole was not only able to build himself a very expensive house, but to fill it with a collection of curiosities, chiefly paintings, sculpture, mosaics, bronzes, &c. Many of them were fine, and some valuable; and most of them are remaining at Strawberry Hill to the present day. Besides all this, Walpole had a printing-office in his house, and hence he issued some splendid editions of his own works, and those of others. The following sketch will give a good idea, not only of Strawberry Hill, but its architecture and occupant.

"There was no spot of ground probably any where that would have so exactly suited the tastes of Horace Walpole as Strawberry Hill. It had great capabilities; had memories of its own; it was in a storied neighborhood; it was surrounded by cheap celebrities, in the way of acquaintances; it was a sort of modern antique; and it was within an hour's

drive, or thereabouts, of London. This was precisely what Walpole desired. He liked to be within reach of the echoes of town, and to be able to get into the crush at a short notice. As to the country, he had no true passion for it. Perhaps it may be doubted whether he had a true passion for any thing.

"Strawberry Hill fitted him also in another point of view. It was small. A large place would have bewildered him; a small one afforded him endless pretexts for the exercise of his ingenuity. Precisely in proportion as he was pinched for room, his invention expanded. And see what wonderful things he did with a few acres, and a tiny villa! He conjured up a vision of conventual architecture, a chapel, cloisters, a Gothic castle, with towers and pinnacles shooting up through the startled woods, and a sweep of verdure sprinkled with clumps of noble trees, broken by misty walks, such as had not then been seen in England, except, perhaps, at Houghton, or at Pope's grounds, or Général Dormer's garden at Rousham.

"Colley Cibber had lived in the cottage before Walpole purchased the place. He wrote a play there, but left not a solitary scratch on the rim of an oak to testify his sometime whereabouts. He and Walpole are said to have met accidentally when the former was eighty years of age, and hale and cheerful, making allowances for the wear and tear of his life. Walpole complimented him on looking so well. Cibber replied that he was thankful, at his age, not that he looked so well, but that he looked at all.

"An anecdotal history of Twickenham would make a curious miscellany.

Walpole liked the place because it was so crowded with remarkable personalities of one sort or another. He was fond of curiosities, and these were among them. Twickenham was a great place even so far back as the time of Henry VIII. It grew up under the wings of Wolsey. The celebrated Bacon lived here in Elizabeth's time, and entertained her at Twickenham Park in a style of almost regal magnificence; and Essex lived here; and the merry Bishop Corbet, one of the most bibulous of men and poets, lived in an old mansion on the Common. Some of the Commonwealth people also conferred their notoriety upon Twickenham. Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, a great speaker and Parliament man in the early times of the Stuarts, resided here; and his wife, Elizabeth Rudyerd, is buried in the parish churchyard.

"Close to him, at Whitton, lived Sir John Suckling, a name affectionately known among the lovers of English poetry. Here, also, lived Catharine of Aragon, (after her divorce,) the historian Clarendon, the 'infamous' Wharton, the speaker Lenthall, and Boyle, the philosopher. About a century afterwards, Sir Godfrey Kneller died in the very same place. His house still stands—the rest are ashes.

"Coming down a little later, there was Pope, who died only three or four years before Walpole went to Strawberry Hill, where he was scarcely settled when he wrote to one of his friends about Pope's ghost flitting under his windows in the moonlight. Lady Fanny Shirley, and her mother, the Dowager Lady Ferrers, lived opposite to him in the lane; and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in a house

that is now, or was not very long ago, a lady's school. There was also Fielding, the novelist, a cousin of Lady Mary's, and Sir John Hawkins, the author of the *History of Music*. In fact, wherever the newcomer moved, he fell in with fine recollections, or people worthy of them.

"Amongst his own actual contemporaries, Walpole reckoned Paul Whitehead, the poet, who lived on the Common, close to where Bishop Corbet had lived before him; and Hudson, the painter, who had recently retired upon an independence, and built a villa next door to Pope's. Admiral Byron, too, was one of his neighbors, the famous fellow who published the narrative upon which the shipwreck in *Don Juan* was founded, and who discovered the Patagonians, for which notability he was visited with a specimen of Walpole's most elaborate irony.

"But his principal delights, in the way of local intercourse, lay in the society of Lady Suffolk, (Pope's Mrs. Howard,) and Mrs. Clive, the actress. The former lived at Marble Hill, a splendid residence built for her by George II., and the latter at Little Strawberry Hill, within five minutes' walk of the skirts of Walpole's lawn. They were both very old women, and great gossips. Mrs. Pritchard, the actress, also lived close at hand, in Ragman's Castle, a cottage near the river, in the purchase of which she outbid the Earl of Litchfield; and Garrick was another of his neighbors; so that Walpole was at no loss for theatrical historiettes when every thing else failed him.

"It is rather a curious trait in Walpole's character that, with such opportunities as he possessed of cultivating the acquaintance of the most distinguished men of his

day, he preferred the society of a few old women, who, for the most part, were capable of little more than listening to his disquisitions, or retailing their own adventures. On one occasion he dined with Garrick, admitted that he possessed great social resources, but confessed that he liked his wife better. The Lady Diana Beauclerc was a special favorite with him. She copied some of his pictures for him, gave him drawings to embellish his cabinets, and illustrated the "*Mysterious Mother*" in a series of sketches. The secret of his admiration for *her* is apparent enough. Old Lady Suffolk used to tell him court stories about the queen and the ministers; Walpole delighted in a little high-life scandal, and her ladyship was not sorry to have so congenial a friend in her decline. Mrs. Clive, too, with her romping spirits, had been so accustomed to flattery all her life, that she could not do without it in the end, and was well content to purchase it from Walpole on any terms. Besides, she had a budget of anecdotes about the players and dramatists — Barry, Mrs. Centlivre, Arthur Murphy, Colley Cibber, and the rest — that must have helped Walpole wonderfully through the twilight, when it was getting too dark for him to work in his niches and china closets. The society of these lively chattering ladies felicitously hit off his peculiarities. They took all his criticisms for granted; they were charmed with his wit; they were astonished at his antiquities; they were strictly deferential to his aristocracy; and they wanted nothing from him. Now, it is quite clear, that, had he been surrounded by men of letters, his criticisms might have been questioned, his wit dined out

and his antiquities slurred over, while his aristocracy would have gone for nothing, and he might have been every now and then subjected to a loan. His vanity and his pocket alike flew for security to the blind Du Deffand and the deaf Suffolk.

"Yet, although he thus clung to the female sex, he never seems to have entertained the least intention of marriage. He never even suspected himself of a suspicion of the kind. He admitted women, only upon sufferance and good behavior, to a cup of tea or a game of loo, and there the matter ended. It entailed no consequences, no noises in the mornings, no disturbances with servants, no household ceremonies, no settling-days. A Mrs. Walpole — Mrs. Horace Walpole — the Hon. Mrs. Horace Walpole, would have been an unintelligible individuality — an incomprehensible existence — a sort of nonentity.

"Indeed, love was not in Horace's line. He wanted cordiality for it. His sympathies were drawn into the narrowest compass. The only person in the world he seemed to care enough about to make sacrifices for was Field-Marshal Conway. His attachment to Conway began in his youth, and lasted to the hour of his death. It was an unimpeachable friendship. He offered to divide his fortune (or, rather, the income of his sinecures) with Conway when they were both starting in life; and many years afterwards, when Conway was in disgrace, he vindicated his character and conduct in a very able pamphlet — one of the best of his numerous productions, because he was in earnest in it. All this looked like a capacity for strength of feeling; but it was an exception to his whole life.

There was nobody else he ever expended so much anxiety upon. His affections were not expansive; they had a perpetual tendency to contraction; and his solitary friendship for Conway was rather an illustration of it than otherwise. Conway was his cousin. He kept his attachments in the family. They went in and in, from the touch of strangers."

The Quack.

THE following story exhibits one of the many instances in which people are deceived by quacks: —

There are probably many people now living who remember the celebrated quack doctor Reuben Nathans, who flourished some forty years since, and whose medicines, the "Chinese Balsam of Life," and the "Celebrated Hair-invigorating Lotion," made so much noise at that time. But few, I presume, have heard the anecdote I am about to relate concerning him. When the "doctor's" medicines were first announced to the world, a simple-minded laboring man purchased one bottle of the lotion and another of the balsam, for his wife, who had a consumptive cough of many years' standing, and was beside threatened with the total loss of her hair. The woman used both remedies according to directions, and, as is usual with ignorant people in such cases, thought they were really doing her a vast deal of good. The cough seemed to her to be going away rapidly; she "breathed freer," while her hair appeared to be coming back again thicker than ever. As a natural consequence, she felt very great confidence in the medicines; and

when her first lot of balsam was all used, she sent her husband to get the bottle filled again. The doctor asked the man how the medicine operated.

"O, grandly!" replied the husband; "my wife's cough's e'en-a'most gone, and her hair's all coming back again as fiery as ever."

"Ah," said the doctor, "that's the way *my* medicines always work. There's no mistake about *them*. They're just what I call them, 'the greatest wonder of the age.' I s'pose you've no objection to give me your affidavit?"

"O, no," replied the man; "that's just what my wife wants me to do."

The couple then repaired to the mayor's office, where an affidavit was drawn up, sworn to, and witnessed. On returning to the doctor's shop, the quack took up the empty bottle for the purpose of refilling it. Uncorking it, he put it to his nose and smelled of it.

"Why, what can this mean?" he exclaimed, in some astonishment; and then, after looking at the label, he smelled of it again. "Why, sir, this isn't 'balsam,' though the label says so, but the 'hair lotion.'"

"Hair lotion or not," replied the man, pointing to the bottle, "that's what cured my wife's dreadful cough, and the stuff in the other bottle at home is what made her hair grow again."

"Strange! strange!" repeated the doctor, with a puzzled countenance; "I don't know what to make of it. Will you be kind enough, sir, just to step back and get me the other bottle? the hair lotion, I mean."

The man did so, and soon returned

with the lotion bottle. The doctor took it, and applied his nose to the mouth.

"And this," said he, "is just as surely the balsam as the other is the lotion. Don't you think there was some mistake on your part, sir? Are you *sure* that what was in this bottle made your wife's hair grow again?"

"Just as sartin as I'm alive," replied the man; "for I always turned it out, while Betsey held the spoon."

The doctor sat down in a chair, and, laying a finger on his nose, seemed buried in profound thought.

"Ah! I see," he at length exclaimed, and, jumping up, he filled the empty bottle again. "There, sir," said he, giving it to the man and hurrying him to the door; "all's right, sir; I was a little bothered, that's all. Call again when that's gone, and you shall have another for nothing."

As soon as he had shut the door on his customer, the doctor called in his "confidential" man from the "laboratory."

"Moshes," said he, "we've made a great mistake in our guess work, after all. I've been studying ver' hard lately, and have just discovered that our *lotion* is the stuff to cure the coughs and the consumptions, and the balsam is the besht to make the hair grow. We must change the labels."

"That's unlucky," replied the man, "for we've got four thousand bottles, two thousand of each kind, all ready to send away to-morrow."

"Vel, vel," said the doctor, "you can change the labels if you have time; if not, send them off as they are. 'Tisn't mosh matter!" — *Knickerbocker*.

To Correspondents.

Our correspondence must be deferred till next month. We have lots of nuts to crack; so prepare for a feast, Black Eyes and Blue!

The Butterfly.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

"I wish I were a butterfly," Said lit-tle Isabel: "What pretty tales of

summer flowers I to my friends would tell! — I to my friends would tell!"

"I'd never rest upon a rose,
A tulip, or a pink,
But of their varied hues and tints
I afterwards would think.

"I'd rove from morn to setting sun,
And never stop to rest,
Unless it were on some sweet flower
That I might love the best.

"To rest upon a deep red rose
Would give me great delight;
But then I'd love as well to rest
Upon a rose that's white.

"The lily and the primrose pale,
The violet so blue,
I'd stop and give to each a kiss,
As onward still I flew.

"I think you told me once, mamma,
That up, where shines the star,
There is a world of fadeless flowers
More sweet than these by far; —

"And children who are good and pure
May rove amongst them free:
O, if I were but there, mamma,
How happy I should be!"

ERRATUM. — By mistake, the words in the preceding number of the Museum set to music were said to have been composed for this work: they were not original.